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# The Wesleyan

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*Ad Astra per Asperum*

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Wesleyan College

Macon, Ga.

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VOL. XXI.      MACON, GA., DECEMBER, 1919.      No. 3.

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The Wesleyan is published monthly by the students of Wesleyan College. Subscription price one dollar per year. Single copy twenty cents.

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ENTERED AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER OCTOBER 17, 1919, AT THE POST OFFICE  
AT MACON, GEORGIA, UNDER THE ACT OF OCTOBER 3, 1917.

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## Christmas

Some say that ever 'gainst that season  
comes

Wherein the Saviour's birth is celebrated,  
The bird of dawning singeth all night  
long:

And then, they say, no spirit dares stir  
abroad;

The nights are wholesome; then no  
planets strike,

No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to  
charm,

So hallow'd and so gracious is the time.

Shakespeare.

## A Man After All

SARA HUDSON.

A GROUP of four or five soldiers was standing in front of a "Y" hut in one of the training camps in France. The men had been discussing for several minutes a rumor which was circulating throughout the camp that on the following week Company B, of the 32nd Infantry—their company—was to be sent to the front-line trenches.

"I'm glad of it!" one of the soldiers boasted. "I've gotten deuced tired of this camp. We've been over here long enough now to be getting into the real stuff!"

"I guess you're not the only one who's glad to get out of this place," said another, Jake Flanders by name. "I'll bet you every fellow in the company is glad—unless it's Maurice Wynn."

"Oh, Maurice Wynn!" There was a sneer as the name was repeated.

"That boy'll be a disgrace to the company if they send him to the front line," a corporal added disgustedly. "Why, he'll get so busy playing with those beads he carries around in his pocket that he'll forget he has a gun until some German biffs him one in the side!"

"It seems to me that when a fellow is old enough to be in the army, he's about big enough to stop playing with dolls and beads."

The last remark came from Jake Flanders, and although it was made in a rather loud voice, was not intended for the ears of the boy in khaki who came around the corner of the hut at that moment. The boy was holding in his rough hands a rosary, and as his fingers slipped over each bead, his lips moved.

Maurice Wynn—for he it was—stopped short, then, taking one or two brisk strides, brought his rather small but manly figure to a stop in front of the group of soldiers.

"Repeat what you just said," he demanded of the man who had spoken last.



"What I just said?" Jake Flanders sarcastically repeated the words.

"Your remark!" the boy prompted impatiently.

"Huh!" Flanders uttered an indifferent laugh, "Shakespeare and history, my boy, never repeat!"

For a second Maurice Wynn stared into the red eyes of the man. "If you weren't so drunk," he said, "if you weren't so infernally drunk,—I'd—I'd make what little there is of you that's man, *be* history by this time tomorrow!"

"Durned if I didn't think he was going to fight that time!" And Jake Flanders uttered a sigh of relief as Wynn turned abruptly and walked away.

"Fight!" The corporal fairly shouted the word. "Fight? Why, that fellow wouldn't hurt a cootie!"

It was the first time during his seven months' of army life that Maurice Wynn had resented any of the sneers that had been hurled at him. Usually he took the knocks and abuses of the men as part of his share in the game.

One thing that made Wynn conspicuous in his company was his religion. He was a Catholic. Once or twice he had been seen kneeling before the small crucifix by the side of the road which led to the five-mile-distant French village. Very often the men in his company had seen him as his rough, blunt fingers moved over the long black string of beads and his lips parted in prayer. No one knew what it was that the boy prayed so fervently for. The men said that he was afraid to die, and that he tried to hide his cowardice in his religion. But it did not seem to matter to Maurice what they said of him.

\* \* \* \* \*

A week after Wynn had proved to Jake Flanders that at least in one respect he was not different from other men, Company B, of the 32nd Infantry, was ordered to the front. As the long stream of khaki-clad men was forming to begin the march toward the front-line trenches, Maurice Wynn stepped out of line and knelt at the little wooden cross. For a moment he prayed there, then crossed himself and took his place quickly in line again.

"I wonder," Jake Flanders said to the soldier in front of him as they began the long march, "I wonder if that tin-hound is goin' to run off like that and pray when we get to real fightin'?"

"If he does," the soldier replied, "somebody'll send him back to camp in a wooden overcoat."

Jake laughed, "That's where he belongs now," he said. "I'm getting tired of that sky-pilot look on his face. He ought to be staying at the 'Y' handing out sandwiches!" The remark provoked a laugh which echoed all up and down the moving stream of men. Jake felt flattered. "I've got no use for a religion that makes a coward out of a man," he went on. "I don't boast of any religion, much, but when it comes to fighting, Jakey Flanders is not afraid to face the guns!"

The night when the command was given to "go over" the next morning, every man stood at his post, waiting breathlessly for "zero hour" to arrive. The command came. The men leaped over the high wall of sandbags and rushed to the attack—all but one. Once beyond the shelter of the trench, his courage gave way, and he dropped, faint with terror, into a shell-hole just beyond the sandbags, feigning death until his comrades passed. In that crucial moment, that time of all times for which he had hoped, he found himself a coward. After they had swept past him, Jake Flanders rose cautiously on his elbow and peered over the rim of the hole at his company as they fought; saw them struggle and die. He longed to help them, to bring them back to safety, but he could not move. He was tied,—bound by the chains of cowardice. He thought of Maurice Wynn. Where was he? Had he gone over the top? Were the hands of the "coward" stained with mud and blood, while those of his persecutor remained unsullied?

Suddenly, through the haze, Jake Flanders caught sight of three figures—a small, familiar one holding at bay two burly ones. Then the bursting of a "Jack Johnson" caused him to duck again; and when once more he ventured a look, the three forms were prostrate. A smarting recollection of



the epithet that he had been wont to apply to one of those still figures came over him with a rush of shame; and with a sudden resolution he crawled out of the hole and pulled his way over the mud and slime of that field of death, past men dead, men dying, through pools of blood and debris. He felt a sense of joy as the cold mud and blood touched his hot body, scalded by remorse and shame.

A German sniper saw the crawling figure. The muzzle of a rifle was turned on him. Jake Flanders felt blood, his own blood, run down his face—but he kept on until he reached the slight, still figure.

"Maurice,—Maurice, boy?" His voice was as soft as a woman's. "Can I help you? Do you want water?"

He bent close to catch the words of the dying boy.

"The German—the beast—is he—did I—?"

"They are both dead, Maurice; you killed them both!"

"Are you sure?" he whispered. "Did you see me?"

"I saw you," Jake Flanders assured him tenderly.

"Was I brave? I was afraid that I would be afraid when the time came. I prayed—I prayed that—"

"You did it bravely, old boy. I saw you, I saw it all. There were two of them—both monsters compared with you!"

The bullets were flying faster now. Jake Flanders did not hear the shouts from the men in his company. He heard nothing, and saw only the smile on the face of the dying lad.

"What do you want, Maurice?" he asked softly.

"The crucifix! I can not hold it—my arm drops when I try to raise it. Will you hold it up—for me?"

Jake Flanders took the silver crucifix. The German sniper saw him clearly then; saw the tiny cross that he was holding up for the dying soldier. A single shot rang out, then all was silent along that line of trenches, as the dawn broke on the still form of Maurice Wynn, and the new light on the dead face of Jake Flanders.

**Noel**

ALMA MURPHY.

*Ye Christmas bells, ring out, oh, ring,  
And joyous tidings bear  
Ye hearts of men, sing out, oh, sing  
His praises everywhere.*

*Shine brightly, sun, in rays of gold,  
And in thy radiant glow  
Repeat the story, new, yet old,  
That Christ came here below.*

*Ye starry skies, with glory gleam,  
And all your fires bring  
To greet with every brilliant beam  
The birthday of our King.*



## His Boy

EMMA LOVE FISHER.

IT was Christmas Eve, and the great financier sat alone in his luxurious den—terribly alone. His weary eyes looked into the red coals that burned so warmly in the grate, and saw always the Boy—his Boy. He stood proudly erect, gay, with his handsome face turned toward the silent man in the chair, and there was that about him that seemed the personification of all that Youth means. It was such a joyous, careless figure, too splendidly beautiful for injury; it seemed almost a sacrilege to mar the perfectness of it, and yet there were those who had not cared, who had lifted ruthless hands against him, leaving him—God only knew how. For he had gone out with reckless heart high, yet not soaring higher than the machine which his slim fingers had guided through the clouds—and he had never returned. None of his own countrymen had ever seen him again, though there were a few who had seen his plane driving horribly near the enemy's lines when the fire was at its fiercest.

That had been New Year's day, and now almost a year had gone by. Uncertain word had reached his comrades that the Boy's body, crushed under his own machine, had been found upon Hun territory. It was too badly mangled to be sent back to his own lines, so that his officers had to content themselves with the belief that the brave young flyer had been given military burial on the other side.

To the father, burdened with his millions and many other financial responsibilities, word came of the Boy's death in the form of a telegram two weeks later. The great magnate had said nothing when he read the brief message, brutal in its very brevity, but over his arrogant face had crept a grayness that seemed to have sapped the man's heart-blood. He had left his office and gone home immediately, but the great marble palace had acquired all in a moment's time the semblance of a living tomb.

There stood the Boy on the white stairway, the light of adoration shining in his dark eyes, grace and youth in every perfect line! But no; there was nothing there,—only the empty steps and the emptier floor beyond. He was lying somewhere beyond the sun, and there was nothing of him left that could be recognized by even those who knew him best. He was dead—dead. The man could not grasp the full meaning of what that meant. Not *his* Boy of the reckless heart and the laughing brown eyes; *he* could not be dead—he could never die! . . . But he was dead. Had not the slip of paper said so?

Those words seemed burned into the man's stunned brain: "Lt. Horace Dalmain killed in plane behind German lines, body buried there." He *must* be dead.

*"O God! the dreams and the dreams he'd spent,  
And the hopes he had nursed in vain!"*

The man did not like to look back upon that one horrible nightmare, when his dazed mentality refused to grasp the full realization of what had happened. He had lived only in a dream those first few days, a dull, heavy dream that pressed upon him with a great weight, deadening his senses, stupefying his whole being.

And then came the awakening. The man's brain reeled as he went all over the maddening period again. During those stunned weeks when he had tried so vainly to realize what the thing was that had happened to him, he had found no relief, and the effort seemed to have left his heart drained dry. And time passed so slowly; nothing seemed definite; all was a confused memory of days that lengthened into weeks and months of interminable, gray monotony. There came fits of longing when he wanted the Boy so terribly that it seemed he could not endure it—times when he heard gay, youthful laughter ringing through the great halls, and his fevered fancy told him it was the lad come home. But there followed always the awful, hopeless anguish when his reasoning returned, when he began considering life without the young fellow to work for. There was no one left to give those uncounted thousands to, no one to save them for.



There was nothing left of anything but a great, lonesome house, and those eternal memories of the Boy with his bravery, his beauty, his youth, which the man had thought in his heart of blindness was indestructible.

And then the father began tormenting himself with a thousand ceaseless questionings: Had he suffered any conscious pain when his plane fell? Had they treated that slender, broken body with tenderness? Why had not someone, looking into the lifeless young face divined the love of a father waiting—waiting somewhere, always, for his boy to come home—and why had that one, seeing, not sent the poor, mangled young fellow back across the waters upon which he had first sailed with such high hopes in his heart? Oh, why, why? And there was never an answer.

There were those who reminded the stricken man that others were suffering what he had suffered, and were even attempting a smile through all their grief. And from their words he turned away with neither assent nor remonstrance upon his lips. For they could not know that there was only one like the Boy, while there were so many others like their lads who had failed to come home! His boy was the son of little Jean Darrell, the girl-wife who had died twenty-two years ago. And Horace had those same beautiful features, the same sweetness of that small mother who had given her life for him. Other people could not understand that the great financier had lost her again as well as the splendid young airman who was her son.

And it was Christmas Eve! There flashed through the man's mind a swift picture, and it was too poignantly sweet to thrust aside—the picture of a sturdy little fellow in velvet, with the golden curls and the great, wistful eyes of his mother. In his hands he held a stocking of almost incredible length and width, but there was an easy confidence in that small, upright figure that did not question for a minute the willing ability of an unknown Santa to fill it to its brim. Together they had hung it up, father and young son, and both knew it would not be empty on the following morning.

The man shifted uneasily in his great chair; Christmas brought the boy so close to him, somehow. It must be be-

cause they had always spent it together. . . . He turned and looked into the dying coals; the brightness of the fire had died; the room was suddenly cold. He shivered violently, and drawing his smoking jacket closer around him, rose and started with heavy footsteps toward the door. But half way to it he stopped and the pallor of his face turned to a grayness; he had heard again the careless gayety of a young voice in the hall beyond—he had heard it so many times since the boy had left him! But somehow, to-night, he couldn't open that door and look into the emptiness beyond; there was such an unreasoning desire in his soul for the sight of the lithe, splendid body standing expectant upon the landing behind that closed door, and the man was afraid to disturb the vision. Yet it must vanish as it always had before, leaving him alone—alone!

He moved on again, this time slowly, with one hand covering his eyes, keeping that precious picture warm in his mind lest it leave him before he reach the door. And with the other hand he groped blindly for the glass knob. It was not there; there was no door! And still he reached out with covered eyes, fearing to open them, fearing to meet the empty splendor beyond.

But there was no need for his caution; that groping, feverish hand was suddenly stilled by others as slender, as well formed, as aristocratic—though browned with foreign suns and winds and scarred by battle shell.

"Dad, oh Dad!"

The Boy's voice was broken, but his face smiled with its old, gay sweetness—such a gracious, brave young smile! But he choked up when the man's hungry arms closed around him.

"Oh, Boy, I've waited for you so long—so long!"

He ran his fingers over the graceful, blonde head, then down to the shining eyes.

"You're sure you've come back to me, Boy? You're not dead?"

The young fellow laughed unsteadily and leaned against the doorway.

"They gave me a dirty deal, Dad, but they couldn't kill



me." There was a little note of bitterness in his voice, and the father suddenly saw that his Boy wasn't as young as he used to be.

"It's been hard, lad?"

A queer little twisted smile formed around the latter's lips. He looked away for a minute and the older man noted with a pang in his heart the weary lines around the eyes and mouth, the sternness of the scarred chin. What had his Boy been through? Almost as if in answer to that unspoken question, the lad turned abruptly and said:

"I've seen hell, Dad, since I left you last,—I've been through it!"

There was nothing boastful in the low spoken words; rather a great sadness, and an infinite revulsion. He looked suddenly at his father with the memory of all that past inferno in his eyes,—that which nothing could ever entirely blot out, and his soul was old with the sorrow of the ages.

"Can't you forget it, Boy?" As soon as he had asked it the father knew the uselessness of it all, for that same tragic little smile had crept around the other's lips again. The older man learned to grow used to that in the days that followed, for many of the things he asked called it forth. And he felt that somehow he was left out of many of the Boy's thoughts; that there were some things that could not be told.

His lad had come back and this Christmas was the brightest Christmas of all. But the queer, far-away look in his Boy's eyes, his strange silence in regard to his experiences in the lands over there, that, and his old, unselfish sweetness made the man's heart ache. If he would only let him into that life which had passed in the two years in which he had been gone; if he would only tell him what he had suffered, what he had endured! But the young fellow kept his silence, and gazed with weary, embittered eyes into that murky, war-lined period when most things had ended for him.

"I didn't die, Dad, though Heaven knows how a human being could live after the nasty tumble I had,—and no one helped me to live. They didn't care one way or the other,

and I didn't. I hated it for you, Dad, but beyond that, I wanted to go. . . . It was awful pain, and then—I'd seen such a terrible lot of life in those preceding months,—a lot of life and more of death, the worst kind of death! When you see too much of that sort of thing, it turns you wrong somewhere and you find yourself hoping that you'll fall with the next one—and that you won't get up. . . . I had gotten that far and was mighty willing to leave things. God! You can't know—."

And then he stopped suddenly, laughed a harsh, jerky laugh and turned away with face gone white. That was the most he had ever told, but his eyes never shone with their old, irresponsible radiance again, and his careless laughter was gone,—that, with the many other things. For the Boy had lost them, lost them somewhere over there with the callous, uncaring things of his forgotten youth; and had brought back on that Christmas Eve a soul burned white from the heat of the battlefield on which he had found it.

---

## The Silent Time

R. M. C., '20.

*'Twas night, but the North wind ceased to blow,  
The snowflakes drifted on Bethlehem's plain.  
The stars stood still in their wheeling course,  
When Christ left heaven to live with men.*

*The faithful beasts stood dumb with awe,  
There was no sound, men groped as blind.  
Alone in the sky the angels sang  
When Christ left heaven to serve mankind.*

*To-day glad bells the tidings ring  
The earth is decked in colors gay,  
But the souls of men in silence bow  
When Christ is born anew to-day.*



## Mistletoe and Jane

KATHARINE KING.

**“Y**OU big fool, you!” Said exclamation, obviously addressed to no one in particular, came from an athletic individual, who, pipe in hand, was sprawled on a lounge at one end of the big frat hall.

“Say, Ken Owen,” piped Wally Burns from the top of a step-ladder, “stop talking about yourself and give your attention to something worth while. Get up and hand me some tacks. There’ll have to be some jumping around if these decorations get up in time.”

“If you’re obliged to damage yourself, Ken,” drawled a percher on a second ladder, known as Bob Wilson, “don’t do it with your tongue. Just grab me up a bunch of that holly over there and let yourself get stuck. In the meantime, why the gloom?”

“Well, who wouldn’t be gloomy? Here I am—in love with Jane Weston; been in love a whole year—love her red hair—love her stuttering—love the three freckles on the end of her nose—and I’m such a big, blubbering idiot I can’t even tell her so.”

“Oh, hear him squeal!” came from the first ladder. “And he knows the very exact number of freckles. How unusual!”

“Say, Ken, what makes you so shy with the ladies, anyway?” said Bob Wilson, looking down at the woe-begone countenance on the lounge. “You are jolly and all right with us fellows, but just let a skirt come around, and you dry up like apples in the sun. Get a little more nerve, son, they won’t bite, you know. I bet you don’t even come to the party to-night—and she’ll be there, too.”

“Well, it seems like I’ve heard that lecture before, Bob, and you see how much good it’s done. It’s no use, old fellow, you can’t reform an old bird. I have always shriveled at the sight of a lady—a young one, I mean—and I guess I’ll continue to. Thanks for the advice, just the same. As to Jane’s being here to-night—it won’t do me any good to

watch her play around with Sam Rogers, so I'll just be absent. Think I'll run down to the track and practice up a little. If you fellows need any help—you needn't call me!"

Bob Wilson gazed at the retreating figure with a puzzled expression. "He takes it pretty hard," he said to Wally. "Didn't know he was that serious."

"Uh-huh—wouldn't be surprised if we treated him a little rough," said Wally, climbing down from his ladder to view the effect of his work. "You know, I think the hall looks bully, considering we didn't have a girl around to pick at us. By the way, where are you going to put that piece of mistletoe? Better put it where all of us can get to it."

"No, wait a minute; I've got an idea, I think—I know I have—I see a budding romance! Run call the boys—tell 'em I want their opinions—that ought to bring 'em quick."

\* \* \* \* \*

An hour later Bob Wilson burst into Kenneth's room. "Get up, Ken, and jump into your dress suit. You're coming to the party. We've got it all fixed, old boy, you're going to get her to-night."

"Well, I'll be—"

"No, you won't. Listen—" he paused for breath. "You know the bench in the back hall under the staircase. Well, we tacked a piece of mistletoe on the wall just above it and—"

"Well, I don't see what—"

"Well, you will in a minute. See, you get Jane and take her out there to rest after the dance—"

Comprehension dawned on Ken's face,—also a broad grin from ear to ear.

"I see what you're driving at, but I wouldn't know what to do after I got her there—same old story, you see."

"Wait; that's just what I'm trying to tell you. You can sorter show her the mistletoe—that won't take any talking, much—and she'll ask you who put it there, and what for—she's bound to—and you can tell her without much trouble—only put a lot of pep into it—and for goodness sake keep your nerve. You've got the looks, if you can find your voice."



"Believe I'll try it. How much time have I got?"

"Ten minutes. Go to it!"

\* \* \* \* \*

Two hours later Kenneth was leading a small person in a white dress down the hall toward the bench under the stairway.

"Wh-where are we g-going?" asked the small person with a good deal of pep, tilting her nose so Ken could see the three freckles which sat thereon.

"I thought you might be tired of dancing and would like to rest," said Ken, beginning to shrivel.

"I-I was not aware of being t-tired."

"Well, you wouldn't mind sitting out here just a little while, would you?"

"N-no; I g-guess not."

By this time they were comfortably settled on the small bench and Ken had spied the mistletoe—and said nothing. Bob Wilson's voice echoed—"Keep your nerve, old boy." Another voice which seemed to come from the sprig of green on the wall said, "Quick! This is where I come in!"

Then Bob just happened to glance down on the small red-haired person and saw a big tear slowly wend its way down the rosy cheek closest to him.

Oh, the power of a woman's tears!

"What in the world—"

"Please don't t-tell anybody—it's awful to c-cry—but j-just think—Christmas is d-day after t-to-morrow—and I can't g-go home—c-'cause its s-such a long ways—and it's s-so lonesome at the c-college and with everybody g-gone! Oh, I'm so h-h-homesick!" The mistletoe seemed to plead, "Aren't you going to use me at all?" Ken was distressed; he was miserable; he wanted to tell her it wasn't awful to cry, but—

He glanced up at the mistletoe angrily.

"Confound it!" he burst out. "I WILL say what I want to, whether I can or not. I tried to use that mistletoe to lead up to it with, but it didn't work. I never could talk pretty to a girl like other fellows; I'm a big stiff, and I know it—but I've got to tell you now—I'm in love—"

"Wh-who w-with?"

"Y-you."

"Oh, b-but I have th-three freckles on my nose, and powder j-just simply won't c-cover 'em up."

"I just love 'em; I don't WANT 'em covered up!"

"And I-I st-st-stutter just awful."

"I love that, too."

"How w-wonderful!"

And the mistletoe dropped to the floor. It wasn't wanted, and it felt out of place.

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*Midnight—and o'er a dark-wrapped world  
That waited, hushed and still,  
Rang out a song by angels sung—  
"Peace on the earth, to men good will."*

*Dawning—and in a brightening world  
Our hearts all sing again  
The message that the angels taught—  
"Peace on the earth, good will to men."*

—L. E. G., '20.



## Editorials

[EDITOR'S NOTE: The WESLEYAN is indebted to the special class for practically all of the material in this issue. Special commendation and thanks are due to Miss Martha Lifsey for her help in assembling the material from her class. Look to your laurels, you other classes, if you don't want the specials to surpass you! The freshmen will have charge of the February number.]

### Christmas Meditations

CHRISTMAS is in the air—Christmas with its joy bells, its gaily wrapped gifts, its tinsled, glistening trees, its jolly fun,—Christmas, the birthday of the Christ-child! Yes, He is in the midst of the frolic and finds fit celebration in the good times of those to whom He came to bring happiness. The carols we sing are but echoes of the heavenly song of the angels who were privileged to herald the coming with "Glory to God in the Highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men." The little lighted candles are typical of the gleaming star which led the Wise Men of old to Bethlehem and to the Little Child in the manger. The fir and holly trees in their evergreen beauty are symbols of the immortality of the One who came.

And the essence of Christmas is giving "the outward expression of the inward desire to make someone else happy." So we symbolize God's great gift to men by giving to others the things that they desire. Every trinket on the tree is our poor attempt to symbolize His great and holy gift. In the light of this thought, how mean and small it seems that some give to display their wealth, some to establish more firmly their social prestige, others to gain in return something for

self! As we turn glad faces homeward, let us go with the determination to carry with us the true spirit of giving, the reflection of the Great Gift, which brought with it the eternal message of love!

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## The New Outlook

MARTHA LIFSEY.

THE dawn of a new year is almost visible. Somehow, as the present eventful year draws to a close, our thoughts naturally revert to the same time a year ago. The armistice had been signed, and it indeed looked as if there were to be "Peace on earth, good will toward men."

But a whole world does not engage in a conflict for many months and then resume its routine as if nothing had happened. Now that our boys are at home, and in this day when twenty-four hours are crowded and a week seems hardly to contain seven days, many problems confront us. None of these are more significant than that which concerns the women of to-day.

Woman found herself during the war. She discovered that she was really necessary in the scheme of things.

First, the woman who had had no outlet from her home duties found one. She thought of ways to lighten her burdens at home so that she could spend an hour or two at the Red Cross rooms. She also felt that she must attend the gatherings of the women in her town. Being thrown together in this manner caused the women to realize that something was going on outside that they must not miss.

Then we must consider the woman of leisure, the butterfly, who had few things to keep her at home. Life must have been as monotonous for her as for the woman whose



home ties gave her no time for social life. At first, war work was a fad for such women, but even when the novelty wore off they did not lose interest. They soon entered into this work for the love of it. They became broader and deeper, and best of all more capable of getting the best life had to offer. It made them better citizens, able to give to their country what it should receive from them.

On the other hand, there are dangers arising from these results. When a young woman finds that she can be of use to the world, at the same time taking care of herself, it is very likely that she will become so enamoured of her independence that she will shirk the duties of womanhood. She who can combine an ability to be independent with the qualities of a good home-maker, has reached the standard of the modern woman.

Another problem that confronts the nation is the lot of the women who answered the call to enter the factories during the war. Women who were taken from positions of almost inconceivable drudgery, entered into factories with a zeal and interest that made them seem like different persons. She who had before been denied proper ventilation, food, and clothing found them possible on account of shorter hours and better wages. The shop girls who were obliged to stand all day in crowded stores with long hours and poor pay also received the benefits of these bettered conditions in the factories.

But now that the men have come back, they must have their places; and it seems that the women must go back to the old conditions. This must not be. There must be a way out of it, and the educated people must be the ones to think of a way. Women's colleges everywhere are overflowing, and this generation is going to be one of thoughtful, broad-minded people.

College women can help the women who have not been so fortunate as they. By wise and intelligent leadership, they can accomplish things with the uneducated class that no one else can.

It is clearly our duty to go to their aid. Let us not shirk it in the year that is to follow.

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### **A Special Speaks**

**A**T breakfast: "Will the presidents of the four classes please come by my table before they leave the dining-room?"

At chapel: "I'd like to see the treasurers of each class immediately after our departure from this place. Yes, I mean the treasurer of the special class, too."

At lunch: "When we march in the parade this afternoon, young ladies, the seniors will go first, the juniors second, the sophomores next, and the freshmen next—and-er-oh, yes, the specials last.

Of course this does not all happen in one day, in one week, or even in one month, but that it has been said and is still being said about the special class, no one at Wesleyan can deny.

It seems that many have the idea that specials come to college merely to frolic, and to be able to say that they have been away to school. But if you will look for a moment at the schedule of any special, you will see that there are few vacant periods. The average regular student has only five studies. Every special has three or four literary studies, besides three hours' or more practice a day; or several hours' work in the art or expression studios. Can there be much time left to waste after a day such as this?

Whenever anyone is needed to play for chapel exercises or for a Y. W. C. A. service; whenever any entertainment



is to be given, it is always the specials who are called upon. And yet the special class is knocked on every side. Is this fair to the class which is as loyal and true to Wesleyan, and as ready to serve her, as any of the other four classes?

Now that only fifteen per cent. of the students at Wesleyan can be specials, it is evident that that fifteen per cent. are girls who have a talent and wish to develop it. It is impossible for any one who has one or more special subjects to carry a regular course also, and do it justice. One or the other will be neglected. It is far better to do one thing well than to half do two or three others.

If the majority of the people who criticise the specials so severely would only stop to think long enough, they would undoubtedly see that they are mistaken in the harsh judgment which they pass upon the special class.

Again we say the specials are not here to waste time; they are preparing themselves for the lives of usefulness which they will lead when their work is completed at Wesleyan.

MARTHA LIFSEY.

## Locals

The greatest event in the life of the Wesleyan girls, or, at least, in the life of the Wesleyan seniors, was the banquet at which they entertained in honor of Admiral W. S. Benson, of the U. S. Navy, on November 12.

The following account was clipped from *The Macon Daily Telegraph*:

### ADMIRAL IS ENTERTAINED BY SENIORS OF WESLEYAN.

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RECEPTION FOLLOWED BY BANQUET IS GIVEN DISTINGUISHED SON OF INSTITUTION'S FIRST GRADUATE.

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BY ELSA M. LOGAN.

Back through the portals of the institution which his mother left eighty years ago as its honored first graduate, came Admiral W. S. Benson Thursday evening as its honored guest, at the dinner given him by the seniors of Wesleyan College and the Macon Chamber of Commerce in the college dining hall.

Through an aisle composed of Wesleyan girls two deep on each side, the admiral approached the college, where he was greeted by the faculty and seniors and conducted to the grand parlor, where the jealous seniors gave the rest of the Wesleyanites the pleasure of meeting their guest before the members of the Chamber of Commerce began to arrive.

The reception room was decorated in smilax and American flags, while palms adorned the halls. In the grand parlor the green and gold of the senior class banner hung above the doorway was supplemented by vases of yellow chrysanthemums and pots of ferns, while on the wall hung a portrait of Mrs. Benson, the admiral's mother, and below it her diploma.

Promptly at 7:30 the members of the Chamber of Commerce, with their wives and guests, began to arrive, and



were escorted to the receiving line in the grand parlor. In the line were Admiral and Mrs. Benson, Miss Gertrude Benson, Mr. and Mrs. Charles O. Stone, Mrs. C. R. Jenkins, Leon P. Smith, Miss Willie Snow, president of the senior class, and the other officers of the class: Misses Mary Chatfield, Helen Mullino, Louise Cooper and Agnes Clark. At 8:00 o'clock the procession formed to go into dinner.

Gay with smilax and American flags, the walls and tables of the historic old dining hall bade welcome to the unique assemblage, while back of the Admiral's table hung a huge American flag.

#### SENIOR PRESIDENT WELCOMES GUESTS.

As the Admiral appeared at the door, the orchestra struck up "The Star Spangled Banner."

With Admiral and Mrs. Benson at the table were seated Miss Willie Snow, Jesse Hart, Miss Gertrude Benson, Mr. and Mrs. C. O. Stone, Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Benson, Brigadier-General and Mrs. Walter A. Harris, Mrs. W. F. Coleman, Matthew Hale, M. L. Brittain, Mrs. C. R. Jenkins, Mr. and Mrs. L. P. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Streyer, Mr. and Mrs. W. O. Kinney, and Miss Lois Rogers.

After the invocation by Dr. J. B. Gambrell, the address of welcome was given by Miss Willie Snow, presiding, who welcomed the Admiral and the Chamber of Commerce to Wesleyan's midst in her own inimitable manner.

"If pride goes before a fall," she said, "then surely the seniors of Wesleyan College are due to have a big fall—either down the elevator-shaft, or out with their teachers!"

With appropriate remarks Miss Snow introduced each speaker.

After the toast to Admiral Benson had been given, all present joined in singing, "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean," then the toasting continued at intervals, broken several times by music. Miss Nell Bates sang "The Valley of Laughter," by Sanderson, and as an encore, "The Blackbird," by Prof. R. W. Billin of the Wesleyan Conservatory, while Miss Grace Larramore gave as her first selection,

"The Jasmine Door," by Alcia Scott, and responded to her encore with "'Way Down South," by Prof. J. R. Gillette, formerly of Wesleyan.

Throughout the program was noticeable the mingling of fun with dignity; of wit with patriotic fervor.

#### FIRST LADY OF SEA TOASTED.

The second toast was given to "The First Lady of No Man's Land," the Admiral's mother, and was followed by one to his wife.

"Mrs. Wilson may be the 'First Lady of the Land,' " said Miss Snow in introducing the toast, "but she hasn't a thing on Mrs. Benson, who is the 'First Lady of the Sea.' "

Miss Dorothy Ware in closing her tribute to Mrs. Benson spoke of her as follows:

*"For forty years his harbor light  
His guiding star was she.  
So let us all our glasses lift  
To the First Lady of the Sea."*

A unique item on the program was the presentation to Admiral and Mrs. Benson of the Wesleyan Cook Book by Mrs. W. F. Coleman, representing the Macon alumnae of Wesleyan. The recipes in the book had been compiled by the Macon alumnae, "who," said Mrs. Coleman, "wished to show that a liberal education does not unfit women for the duties of the home." In the name of the alumnae, Mrs. Coleman presented the cook book to the Admiral and his wife.

Among the toasts given was one by Miss Laura Garden to the Treaty of Peace, which reads as follows:

*"To the pact that was made by the forces of right,  
To put down forever the harsh rule of might.  
The pledge that was given to mothers of men  
That so wanton a war can never come again;  
The pact that brought down the Kaiser's vain boast,  
To the Treaty of Peace I give my toast."*



## TOASTS WILSON AND GEORGIANS.

President Wilson was toasted by Miss Marian Robison as

*"The man whose goodness  
Whose wisdom and strength  
Have saved our Ship of State."*

While Miss Ruth Flinn paid a tribute to the soldiers of Georgia and their commander, ending:

*"So here's to the Georgians in service,  
At home, in Flanders, or Paris:  
And here's to their noble commander,  
Brigadier-General Walter A. Harris."*

Wesleyan's part in the program ended with Miss Rebecca Caudill's toast to the Chamber of Commerce, in part as follows:

*"We bring our thoughts back home again,  
From the sea, and the sailor, too,  
And brave, true hearts of Macon  
We raise our glasses to you.  
So here's a toast to you all to-night,  
To the hearts in the heart of our land,  
And here's to the fairest city  
That ever was ruled by man.  
May your thousand members fall in line  
And each do a noble part;  
And last of all, we drink a toast  
To your big-hearted Jesse B. Hart."*

Mr. Hart then took charge of the remainder of the program, and introduced the first after-dinner speaker, Admiral Benson.

## DESCRIBES HIS NAVAL CAREER.

After expressing his appreciation of the evening's proceedings the Admiral in a brief but delightful manner sketched his naval career, carrying his hearers around the world with him and affording them tantalizing glimpses of foreign lands. He initiated them, too, into the mysteries of submarine warfare and battleship construction. He

closed with a tribute to the college and to the Chamber of Commerce.

After the close of the Admiral's speech J. Ellsworth Hall, on behalf of the Parent-Teacher Association of Macon, presented to the Admiral a silver loving cup.

In response to a general request, the Admiral displayed and explained his decorations—the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor from France, presented by President Poincaré—the only other similar decoration in America being worn by General Pershing; the crosses of St. Michael and St. George from Great Britain, presented recently in New York by the Prince of Wales; the Distinguished Service Medal from the United States, and one from the State of New Mexico, which, the Admiral said, he valued possibly above all the others.

"I am, of course, very thankful to Great Britain and France for their recognition," said the Admiral in closing, "but after all, I am proudest that I am a plain American citizen."

\* \* \* \*

Admiral Benson, Macon's highest representative in the world war, arrived in his old home town on Tuesday morning, November 18, and the seniors had a half holiday given them so that they could help welcome him home. He greeted them warmly at the station, shaking hands with a large number of them and introducing them to his wife.

The entire student body lined up in front of the college to see the Admiral ride by, but to their disappointment he either went by before they took their positions of watchful waiting, or passed after they had given up all hope and retired to their class rooms again.

\* \* \* \*

Admiral Benson on the last day of his visit in Macon presented to Wesleyan a photograph of himself in dress uniform. On it is written in his own hand, "To Wesleyan College, in memory of my mother." Under this appears his signature.

The photograph will be framed and hung either in the



grand parlor of the college or in the library near Mrs. Benson's picture and her diploma.

\* \* \* \*

With the power of impersonating his characters so well that the audience feels they are living before them, Henry Lawrence Southwick, president of Emerson College of Oratory, Boston, and an interpreter of Shakespeare, presented "Twelfth Night" to a large audience at Wesleyan College Monday evening, November 24.

During the entire play, one that is mixed with boisterous merriment and tender sentiment, Professor Southwick changed from one character to another with the greatest ease. His simplicity in presenting the characters marks him as a great artist. He used only a few gestures and all of them simple ones. He has no tricks of delivery, but reads his lines with sympathy and force.

In his encore, "The Camel's Lament," a witty sketch of the animal of the desert, the reader brought down the house. In his amusing skit, his facial expressions, and his loud tone of voice, "took off" a camel exactly.

Mr. Southwick was introduced to his audience by Miss Mary Fagan, president of the Wesleyan Dramatic Club, under whose auspices he came to Macon. This was the fifth entertainment Mr. Southwick has given in Macon.

\* \* \* \*

The members, active, pledged and alumni, of the Phi Delta Theta fraternity of Mercer University were hosts on Monday afternoon at the assembly hall of the college at an informal reception given in honor of Wesleyan girls.

The hall was tastily adorned with autumn leaves and flowers, the fraternity colors, argent and azure being in evidence. Refreshments, consisting of a salad course, sandwiches, ices and candies were served throughout the hours of four to six.

Those enjoying the occasion were: Miss Virginia Gunn, sponsor of the Georgia Gamma Chapter of the Phi Delta Theta; Misses Julia Colson, Willie Snow, Josephine Franklin, Marian Cook, Harriet Flanders, Louise Withington,

Mary Sheffield, Alice Fulcher, Nell Ely, Juanita Meeks, Mary Rose Brown, Bruce Cleckler, Anne Boyette, Dorothy Folks, Margaret Perry, Louise Cooper, Frances Felton, Helen Cox, Caroline Crittenden, Dorothy Maffett, Margie Burks.

\* \* \* \*

The Dramatic Club gave the following interesting program on Wednesday evening, November 19:

Farce—"Romeo and Juliet"—Anna Belle Moye, Mary Leslie Murphree.

Riley's "Bear Story," "Love of a Spanish Girl"—Ida May Timberlake.

"Uncle Bob's Sunday School"—Josephine Evans.

"Little Girl's Monologue"—Annie Bowie.

"The Lady Across the Aisle"—Irene Sewell.

\* \* \* \*

When a woman quits building castles in the air and dreaming of a happy home, she has reached the point where she is practically useless as a school teacher, according to the statement of Miss Rosa Taylor, principal of Whittle School, made before the department of pedagogy at Wesleyan College, last month.

The right kind of a teacher must have other interests than her profession, Miss Taylor declared. To illustrate her point she drew on the blackboard a circle and placed a dot in the middle of it. She explained that the dot represented the woman's vocation and the circle her other interest. One part of the circle she marked off and said that was "the man." When he began to be of more interest than the dot then the girl should leave her profession and go over to the man.

"I believe in girls' getting married," this teacher of many years stated. "Girls should dream of the time when they will have a home of their own. A teacher without imagination is no teacher at all. Such a woman should settle down to one of two things—working in an office or store where no imagination is needed, or being as old maid. I want my teachers to get married, and I usually succeed in marrying them off," she added with a laugh.



## GIRLS AND FACULTY SPORT AT BARBECUE.

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THREE-LEGGED RACES, TUGS-OF-WAR, STUNTS AND SONGS  
FOLLOW FIRST EVENT OF KIND AT COLLEGE.

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Barbecued pig made its debut at Wesleyan College last month, when tubs and tubs of it were served out on the back campus one evening to 400 girls "pepped up to a million."

Though a barbecue at Wesleyan was a distinctly new thing, one having never been dreamed of before in the eighty-six years of the college's existence, the girls gave it a hearty welcome, and dived into the sweet potatoes roasted in ashes, crackling bread, salad, pickles, barbecue, doughnuts and apple pie as if they were old acquaintances.

Not only did the students enjoy the barbecue, but the members of the faculty, the college officials, the trustees and their wives, and all the children of the faculty families sat on the grass in groups of twenties and thirties and consumed all that passed their way.

At 5:15 o'clock, the magic hour, the girls and their friends poured down to the campus and arranged themselves in a big circle and waited. Then the maids began to pass plate after plate of 'cue, steaming hot off the pits. Everything was there, even something to drink—coffee.

After the eats, the tugs-of-war, the three-legged races, the grand march, the "faculty spirit," and numerous other stunts began and lasted until the girls' voices were frazzled out and the big bon-fires were dying down.

Dr. Holmes Mason declared when it was all over, "I haven't had so much fun since the pigs ate up my little sister." This seemed to be the universal feeling of all present. They expressed their thanks to Mrs. Hudgings, who made the barbecue possible, by singing "Glory, Glory, to Mrs. Hudgings."

Other guests at the 'cue were Judge and Mrs. Dupont Guerry, Mr. and Mrs. Warren Woodward, Mr. and Mrs. McCaw, Mrs. William Ainsworth, Mrs. W. E. Bozeman, Mr. and Mrs. Lundy Smith, Mrs. A. B. McNiece, and Mr. Cliff Armand.

The celebration of Armistice Day, November 11, was entered into with the proper spirit by the Wesleyan faculty and student body. A holiday being declared from chapel on, the girls were in a holiday mood, ready to join in making the day a memorable one. They joined in a parade, marching down Mulberry street, Broadway, up Cherry to the new auditorium. At the auditorium a patriotic program was carried out.

\* \* \* \*

As a perfect end to a wonderful day, Dr. Jenkins, his wife, and little Alfred, who had been in the hills of Alabama for a month, returned home. The entire student body lined up on the front porch and sang the Alma Mater song as Dr. Jenkins walked up the front steps, looking well and happy again.

\* \* \* \*

## JOURNALISM STUDENTS SEE WHEELS GO 'ROUND.

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### WESLEYAN CLASS FLUSTERS GRAND OLD TELEGRAPH ON FIRST VISIT.

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Wesleyan's class in journalism paid its first visit of the year to *The Telegraph* last night, and the fifteen young women members were shown over the building from basement to sanctum.

For over an hour the young women visited in the different departments—news, composing room, stereotyping and press—getting glimpses of many little “tricks of the trade” their journalism books don't tell them.

They watched news as it came from the typewriters of reporters and the Associated Press operators until it went through the South Georgia edition at midnight. Spencer's green and gold sanctum was an object of interest—in fact, they asked to see it first—and the young women rambled through his desk looking for his joke book.

Miss Virginia Garner, head of the department of journalism at Wesleyan, chaperoned the party.—*Macon Telegraph*.



The Wesleyan Dramatic Club presented its first public performance of the year Monday evening, December 1st, in the Wesleyan Chapel at 8:15 o'clock. Two sparkling and attractive Irish one-act plays were given—"Spreading the News," by Lady Gregory, "Will O' the Wisp," by Doris Halman. The latter is by an American, but has Irish characters and settings. It is full of Irish superstition and weird atmosphere and is extremely picturesque in effect.

"Spreading the News" is one of Lady Gregory's wittiest and liveliest comedies, as well as one of the strongest in moral teaching.

The members of the cast were Misses Josephine Franklin, Covington; Florence Trimble, Hogansville; Mary Fagan, Savannah; Marjorie Rentz, Wadley.

Those in "Spreading the News" were Misses Fanny Cante, Ashburn; Thelma Newton, Buchanan; Lucy Christian, Cairo; Mamie Henslee, Hapeville; Anna Belle Moye, Abbeville; Charlie B. Hawk, Valdosta; Margaret Jones, Bamberg, S. C.; Elizabeth Muckenfuss and Mildred Shelton, Atlanta.

\* \* \* \*

#### THANKSGIVING DAY.

Thanksgiving, the reddest of red-letter days at Wesleyan, has rolled by again.

The freshmen, ninety strong, marched to the gym dressed Before old Sol came on duty, Wesleyan was awake. The class colors, with which the gym had been gaily decorated, were safe through the night, since Dr. Jenkins had refused to let anyone spend the night there.

The Freshmen, ninety strong, marched to the gym dressed in white middy suits with heads crowned with yellow cheese cloth caps and with the banner of the golden heart very much in evidence. The juniors in their crimson and white stood near them. The sophomores, prominent with the lavender and white, stood with their sister classes, the seniors of the green and gold, and the specials with their royal purple, lavender, and gold.

The gym was packed; and amid yells and bells and horns,

the freshmen and sophomores started the first half of their game. The freshman space on the score was left blank, while the sophs, thanks to the number of goals thrown by Benton, to the splendid team work done, and perhaps to the size of the players, scored 16. At the end of the last half the sophs retired in triumph, the score being 30 to 4 in their favor. However, they consoled the freshmen with

*"Hush, little freshmen, don't you cry;  
You'll be a sophomore by and by."*

The freshmen showed their pluck by retorting, "We got beat, but do we care? No!"

The junior-senior game was hard fought. The teams were evenly matched and at the end of the first half the score was 6 to 5 in the seniors' favor. In the second half, however, the senior team ran their score up to 19, leaving the juniors with 13.

The sophomores, the winning team, played a team made up of the alumnae, who had returned for the Thanksgiving good times. The score was 24 to 4 in favor of the sophs.

After the games the classes each thought themselves sufficiently deserving of reinforcement to repair to the pharm. Here they yelled and sang themselves hoarse.

An attempt on the sophomores' part to get the Freshman banner nearly had disastrous results, but after due apologies all was good-natured rivalry again, and when at the banquet the specials sang,

*"We'd like to steal the freshmen's banner,  
We'd like to tear it down;  
We'd like to steal us an automobile  
And drag the thing all over town,"*

the freshmen waved their banner triumphantly.

At three o'clock the doors of the dining-room were thrown open and it was no ordinary sight that greeted our eyes.

The seniors, who had been given places of honor at a long table in the center of the dining room, had tastefully decorated their tables with green and gold. Green baskets of yellow chrysanthemums and a basket of white carnations



tied with lavender tulle in honor of their sister alumnae class adorned their tables.

The juniors' part of the dining room was in crimson and white with the Ku Klux skull and cross-bones prominent. Each junior toasted a marshmallow over her red candle.

Their sister class, the freshmen, had decorated their tables elaborately. Evidently "Beauty first; expense last" had been their motto. Big baskets of white and yellow chrysanthemums were in the center of the tables, and on each corner were smaller baskets. Place cards of gold and white and a yellow candle on a golden heart was beside each plate.

The specials' tables opposite were decorated with purple, lavender, and gold streamers and kewpies tied with tulle; while the sophomores' space was gay in lavender and white, with kewpies tied with their colors peeping out from the center of the tables.

After the blessing, asked by Dr. Jenkins, Miss Willie Snow, president of the senior class and toastmistress of the occasion, made a charming opening address. She tried to lead her audience to believe that it was a hard task to preside at such a state occasion, but judging from the ease and tact with which she made things go, they were not deceived.

Toasts were given to everything, from the members of the household, the alumnae, and the basket-ball teams, to sweaters, Thanksgiving, and turkey. Miss Ruth Flinn, in her toast to our everyday costumes, said in part:

*"Our marks are A, B, C, and under,  
And most of us get the D;  
I'm gonna swap my middy for a diving suit,  
For I never get above the sea!"*

The toast given to "Home, Sweet Home" by Miss Frances Felton made lumps rise in some throats, but when our thoughts returned to Wesleyan, turkey and ice cream, things became cheery again.

The toast to "Just Men" by Miss Emma Love Fisher, which appears elsewhere in this number, was one of the hits of the evening.

So eager were the classes to display by their songs their interest in themselves and in everyone else, that the toast-mistress could scarcely proceed with the program.

After the seniors had sung to the sophomores, and the sophs had returned the compliment, the freshmen and juniors sang to each other responsively.

Miss Dorothy Covington then sang a solo to the juniors in behalf of the freshmen.

When the juniors had finished their song to the class of '19, Miss Katherine Thomas, a member of that class and our wittiest girl last year, made a speech. In her own amusing way she told of a recent ride in an aeroplane, and also described how it felt to be a school teacher.

The specials sang to everything at Wesleyan, one of their songs ending:

*"Take my advice, everything is nice,  
If it comes from Wesleyan."*

When the sophomores sang: "A good *team* is hard to find," Miss Anna Belle Moye, president of the special class, was inspired to present the two members of the class who declared that they had found a "good *man*,"—Mrs. Charlie Warren, formerly Miss Louise Oliver, and Mrs. Marvin Bass, formerly Miss Ethel Vaughan.

The alumnae, who were not to be left out of the program, sang, "Then We'll Come Back To You."

The seniors, donning caps and gowns, sang softly, still seated, "Some Day We'll Come Back." They marched out, singing the last verse.

And thus ended our reddest of red-letter days.

MARTHA LIFSEY,

Wesleyan Class in Journalism.

\* \* \* \*

#### TRIPLE HEADER AT WESLEYAN.

The sophs pricked the bubble of freshman dreams Thursday morning when the score board read 30-4 in the Wesleyan gym in the annual Thanksgiving game; but they also



covered themselves with glory in the alumnae-soph game to the tune of 24-4; and the seniors defeated the juniors in one of the best matched games seen at Wesleyan, with a score of 19-13.

The densely packed stand was a mass of excitement intensified by the various class banners, especially the unusually beautiful gold and white banner of '23, displayed for the first time. Gradually the tumult was quieted by repeated blasts of the whistle for the soph-freshman game. Both teams put out some of the best playing ever seen on the court, but true to all advance dope, the sophs displayed some passing that was one stage past the proverbial pink of perfection, and piled up a score of 16-0 by the end of the first half. Benton was the undisputed champion of the day, throwing thirteen goals in all. Pierce completed the score by throwing two field goals. Gilmore was the sharper for the freshmen, and with surpassing ease scored twice, and the guarding of McKenzie saved the freshmen from inglorious defeat.

The line-up was as follows:

SOPHS.	FRESHMEN.
Benton, r.f.	Peck, r.f.
Pierce, l.f.	Gilmore, l.f.
Sams, j.c.	Darling, j.c.
Muckenfuss, r.c.	Higdon, r.c.
Brown, l.g.	McKenzie, l.g.
Hooten, r.g.	Persons, r.g.

The junior-senior game was a battle royal, the seniors scoring only six points more than the juniors. Withington dropped four baskets, and Jordan five, for the juniors; but the seniors pulled the wool over their eyes when Snow added five points to the score, and Clark proved a veritable wizard by dropping seven baskets. The game was won with a score of 19-13.

The line-up was:

JUNIORS.

Withington, l.f.

Jordan, r.f.

Jones, j.c.

Clanton, r.c.

Rourk, r.g.

Waterman, l.g.

SENIORS.

Clark, l.f.

Snow, r.f.

Baugh, j.c.

Diggs, r.c.

Chatfield, r.g.

Kelley, r.g.

Then the sophs mopped up with the alumnae and wrote their names in blazing letters in the annals of basket-ball history when the score ran up 24-4. The alumnae had not forgotten how to play, but met the speed-crazed comet with a grin and partial success.

The line-up was:

ALUMNAE.

Wakeford, l.f.

Cook, r.f.

L. Sams, j.c.

Tappan, r.c.

Snelling, l.g.

Jones, r.g.

SOPHS.

Benton, l.f.

Pierce, r.f.

M. Sams, j.c.

Muckenfuss, r.c.

Henslee, l.g.

Hooten, r.g.

MILDRED SHELTON AND IRENE SEWELL,  
Wesleyan Class in Journalism.



## Y. W. C. A. Department

RUTH DUNKIN, *Editor.*

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*"Not by Might, nor by Power, but by My Spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts."*

Wesleyan is elated over the part she is going to take in the Des Moines Student Volunteer Convention to be held December 31 to January 4. With her delegation, besides the six representatives and faculty member allowed, are two special delegates—Esther Kim, of Korea, who, being a foreign student, has received a special invitation to the convention; and Elsa Logan, who has been asked to serve on the exhibit committee of the convention. Besides those delegates mentioned are Rebecca Caudill, Mary Chatfield, Christine Glenn, Fannie Belle Outler, Mary Harrison, and Lora Waterman, from the student body, and Miss I. L. Whitman from the faculty.

\* \* \* \*

It has been some time since a speaker has aroused more interest and enthusiasm in our college community than did Miss Adelle Ruffin, colored Y. W. C. A. secretary, who was here November 18. Her first meeting was with the stu-

dents, whom she told of the needs of the colored girl and what the Y. W. C. A. is doing for her. At the request of the cabinet members, Miss Ruffin prolonged her stay in Macon and the following morning met with all the colored servants on the campus. With them she discussed the negro girl and her place in life. Miss Ruffin's standing and personality impressed the members of her race, who are eagerly awaiting her return, which will be some time during February.

\* \* \* \*

An informal and quiet Thanksgiving service was held in the college chapel Thanksgiving day by Miss I. L. Whitman. Her talk was preceded by Thanksgiving prayers offered by ten girls. Elizabeth Jenkins sang a solo, "Hymn of the Lights," and also sang the benediction. The offering given was to help the Salvation Army with its Christmas dinner.

\* \* \* \*

The Wesleyan girls are planning a surprise Christmas present for the college servants. With great form and ceremony, as well as fun, a well-equipped, comfortable, cheery rest room will be turned over to them just before the Christmas holidays.

\* \* \* \*

By means of cards sent from headquarters at Richmond, a vocational census of the college has been taken. The Vocational Guidance Committee of the Association, using these cards as a basis, has planned to inform those interested as to the preparation and possibilities of such vocations as they have chosen, through speakers already in the various vocations open to women, through the bulletin board, and through a question box.

\* \* \* \*

A new phase of work has been undertaken by the Service Department of the Association. Every Monday afternoon groups of college girls visit the local Methodist orphanage to train the younger boys in play. This work is under the direct supervision of Sara Clark.



Dr. Owen Lovejoy will be at Wesleyan December 16 to talk on the work undertaken by the Vocational Guidance Committees of the various associations in the country.

\* \* \* \*

Miss Mary Chatfield, chairman of the Social Committee, was in charge of the games held after the barbecue on the back campus November 8.

\* \* \* \*

The Y. W. C. A. secretaries who have visited the college Association during the past month are Miss Pearl Forsyth, city secretary of the field staff, and Miss Harriet Smith, for ten years a Y. W. C. A. secretary in Shanghai, China.

\* \* \* \*

Mrs. Bessie Houser Nunn, of Perry, a former Wesleyan student and missionary to China, spoke at the chapel services Sunday evening, November 9, on "Service."

\* \* \* \*

A new constitution has just been drawn up by the Association. Quite a number of new items were added to the revised constitution. Those acting on this committee were Mabel Woodward, Rebecca Caudill, and Ruth Dunkin.

## Alumnae Department

RUTH BENTON, *Editor*.

It has been decided to include in the alumnae notes news of those of Wesleyan's daughters who are not alumnae, but whose doings are none the less interesting to those who read this page.—EDITOR.

\* \* \* \*

"Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them." Miss Marion Legg has apparently achieved greatness, as is shown by the following extract from *The Macon Daily Telegraph*.

"Miss Marion Legg, for three years a student at Wesleyan College, where she studied voice under Prof. Reginald Billin, is now at the Chicago Musical College, Chicago, Ill., where she entered the senior class and will be awarded two diplomas next June—one in voice and a teacher's normal in voice, and is singing in this season's grand opera in Chicago, having special training under Muhlman, who is considered one of the greatest teachers in this country. Muhlman calls Miss Legg's voice 'coloratura.'

"She was selected out of four from the musical college to sing in the latest opera written by the president of the college, and reports have come to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Legg, at Albany, of her wonderful success."

\* \* \* \*

An additional cause for rejoicing on Thanksgiving day was afforded the juniors and seniors when many of their sister classmates returned to put "pep" into the basket-ball games, and to add dignity to the banquet. A special table was decorated for them in the dining-room. At this table sat Misses Marion Cook, Mary Will Wakeford, and Addis Mims, of the "Jolly Old Pals" of '18; Katherine Thomas, Irene Brinson, Irma Clark, Alberta Thomas, Clara Carter, Sarah Forbes, Augusta Streyer, Bessie Tappan, and Mary Atkinson, of the "Golden Heart" class of '19.



Just to show that they had not lost their prowess by their contact with the wide, wide world, six of the old girls challenged the victorious sophomores to a game Thanksgiving day, and even though defeated 24 to 4, came up smiling. Their line-up was as follows: Jones, Snelling, guards; Sams, Tappan, centers; Wakeford, Cook, forwards.

\* \* \* \*

Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Strange, of Winder, announce the engagements of their daughters: Mary Alice, to Mr. Carter W. Daniel, of Athens, and Louise, to Mr. E. Hulme Kinnebrew, of Athens, the marriages to be jointly solemnized in January.

\* \* \* \*

The marriage of Miss Emily Pew Heath to Dr. Emmet Bernard Anderson, of Florida, was solemnized Wednesday, November 19, at high noon, in the Methodist church of Talbotton.

## Exchange Department

ANNELU HIGHTOWER, *Editor.*

The *Newcomb Arcade* for November contains an article "Scolding as a Fine Art in Shakespeare," which is of literary merit, and shows careful and thorough preparation, but is some twenty-nine pages in length. This seems rather long for a college magazine. The poems in this issue are good, especially "An Autumn Sunrise." The choice of words and the descriptive terms are particularly appropriate. We note an absence of short stories and sketches.

\* \* \* \*

The *Mount Holyoke Monthly* contains a variety of articles, though lacking literary value and seriousness. The story "The Golden Sugar Bowl" is without plot, and has a rather flat ending. The one act play, "The Charming Child," shows an ability to present characters and carry out the dramatic action. The poem "Shadows" deserves special mention on account of the vividness and suggestiveness of the word pictures.

\* \* \* \*

In the *Clemson Chronicle* are several articles dealing with after the war problems, and the college student's part in affairs. These subjects are, of course, important, but very much overworked at the present time. There is room for improvement in the poetry and short story line. The Y. M. C. A. has a live department. The article on Blue Ridge is very timely, and is full of the Blue Ridge spirit.

\* \* \* \*

We are very glad to add the following to our exchange list: *The Hollins Magazine*; *The Coraddi*, North Carolina College; *The Richmond College Messenger*, Richmond and Northampton Colleges; *The Experimenter*, Wellesley College; and *The Bessie Tift Journal*.



## The Catch-All

It has been decided by the editors that THE WESLEYAN needs a regular joke department with a regular name and a regular editor. As it is too late in the year to appoint a new member to serve on the staff as editor of The Catch-All, Miss Annelu Hightower, editor of the exchange department, will take charge of it for the remainder of the year.

If everyone will hand in jokes, parodies, or facetious articles for The Catch-All, it will be a distinct addition to the magazine. Let's make it a success!

\* \* \* \*

### JUST MEN.

(Toast given by Emma Love Fisher at the Thanksgiving Banquet.)

*A strange and fearsome toast I make  
On this Thanksgiving day,  
To that species of human race  
Of which there's much to say.  
But where to start or where to end,  
I find myself confused,  
I would not give them too much praise,  
Yet want them not abused.  
"Just Men"—but goodness, what a "JUST!"  
The best of us don't know them,  
For they are stern, and they are proud,  
And nothing can you show them;  
And they know all, our gallant men,  
Though seldom do they prove it;  
Have not you seen one set his mind,  
And did you dare to move it?  
Man can not make a big mistake,  
He does the right thing ever;  
He smiles through troubles thick and thin,  
Is gay in stormy weather.  
He cares not for a pretty face,  
A homely one just suits him.*

*He never disagrees a bit,—  
 Unless someone disputes him!  
 Too perfect to be criticised,  
 Beyond reproach he wanders  
 In quiet dells and prayer cells,  
 And never money squanders.  
 He turns away from tempting glass,  
 He would not stoop to drink it,  
 Intoxicants he knows not of,  
 And don't you dare to think it!  
 For underneath his pinch-back coat  
 Two lovely wings are folded,  
 And in his beauteous countenance  
 An angel's face is moulded.  
 So let us toast this rare species  
 Of beauty and of wisdom,  
 Long may they walk around our school  
 And in your heart, forgive them!*

\* \* \* \*

M. G., after a class in freshman English—"Miss Garner, I surely am crazy about that dress! I've been sitting here admiring it all through class; I always do things like that when I'm bored."

\* \* \* \*

New girl, signing for book in the Library—"I don't know my accession number, and I haven't time to see the Registrar. Will it be all right to put my room number?"

\* \* \* \*

Pr Student—"Wonder if we're going to have psychology this afternoon?"

Freshman—"I don't know; but I hope we have banana salad."

\* \* \* \*

#### THE LAST CLOTHES OF SUMMER.

(Reprinted from the November WESLEYAN, 1918.)

*The last clothes of summer  
 Left hanging alone;  
 All their flossy companions  
 Are faded and gone;*



*No dress of their kindred,  
No light thing at all,  
Is quite up-to-date  
In the chill days of fall.*

*I'll not leave thee alone there  
To sag on the nail;  
I'll lay thee to slumber  
With moth-balls, nor fail!  
Thus sadly I'll smooth down  
Thy plaits now to rest  
And I'll place thee most gently  
Away in the chest.*

—R. F., '20.

\* \* \* \*

Ruth Flinn wanted to know in history the other day if  
the Pope's office were hereditary!

\* \* \* \*

Mr. Daniel—"Go to South Africa for your next lesson."

\* \* \* \*

E. L., trying to find out the lesson—"What's the French  
for this afternoon?"

H. T. K.—"Cette après-midi."

\* \* \* \*

Who says "A Good Man Is Hard to Find?" There  
seem to be plenty of them in the ethic class!

\* \* \* \*

*Broke, broke, broke,  
As broke as a girl could be;  
And I would that my pa could furnish  
The chink to satisfy me.*

*Dues, dues, dues,  
As wide and deep as the sea.  
And what would you do if they overwhelmed you  
As often as they do me?*

—A. H., '20.

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*The Choicest Creations in*

MILLINERY, READY-TO-WEAR GARMENTS,  
SHOES, FANCY GOODS, NOVELTIES, ETC.

FROM THE FOREMOST CENTERS OF THE WORLD

THE PUBLIC'S OPINION proclaims the stocks here superior to any other in Middle Georgia; and to know what is best, what is most stylish, the public comes here.

WE WANT EVERY WESLEYAN YOUNG LADY to know this store better—it's to our mutual interest. Come often as convenient—buy if you like—inspect the Fashion displays of beautiful apparel. Your presence will be welcomed.

## THE DANNENBERG CO.

MACON, GEORGIA



**J. H. Spratling**

Optician and  
Optometrist

652 Cherry Street

DRS. W. R. & W. B.

**HOLMES**

**DENTISTS**

Phone 971

556 Mulberry St.

MACON, GEORGIA

**The Macon Daily Telegraph**

**WESLEYAN'S NEWSPAPER**

**J. T. REDDING**

**REEVES BROWN**

**W. A. DOODY CO.**

**MACON,**

**GEORGIA**

*Dry Goods and Everything Ready-to-Wear  
for Ladies and Children*

**BASEMENT DEPARTMENT**

**Complete China, Cut Glass,  
Doll and Toy Store.**

*Wesleyan Girls and Their Friends Always Welcome*

**JEWELERS**

**OPTICIANS**

**Your Jewelers**

## **Flournoy & Kernaghan**

**352 Second St.**

**Phone 1067**

**Agents J. P. Stevens Engraving Co.**

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**EXCLUSIVE FOOTWEAR**

**FOR**

**Men, Women and Children**

**MACON SHOE COMPANY**

**The Shoe Store Unusual**

**408 Third Street**

**Macon, Georgia**

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# **The College Hill Pharmacy**

*Extends a cordial welcome to the Wesleyan Girls*

**Our large and well assorted stock of Perfumes,  
Powders, Rouges, Tints and Toilet Requisites  
are always on display for your inspection  
and selection**

**WILL BE A PLEASURE TO SHOW YOU**

**You will find our Soda Fount in the charge of experienced  
and courteous dispensers, who know how to  
serve your drink just to your taste.**

**AGENTS FOR**

**Norris' Candies**

**Keith's Stationery**



## **Collins GROCERY Company**

*Dealers in*

**STAPLE and FANCY  
GROCERIES**

*Wholesale and Retail*

**PICKLE SPECIALIST**

Phones 117-118      454 First Street

## **"Nash News"**

The best thing we can say about our salad department is that everything is "Home Cooked," which gives it a flavor that this "Commercial Stuff" doesn't have. Miss Waxelbaum has full charge, and everything she hands out has got to be O. K. She has a way of fixing things that makes them taste just right.

**NASH SAUSAGE CO.,**

222 Cotton Avenue

Phones 2886-7

## **True Economy Is Common Sense Applied**

It is not the price we pay for an article but it is the satisfaction of knowing what we buy is the best of its kind.

Don't trifle with the Grandest thing in life—GOOD HEALTH—Don't practice any false economy—Know that the FOOD you eat is the purest and best that money can buy. It's the cheapest in the long run—

# **College Hill Grocery**

*"Quality Shop"*

Washington Ave.

:-

Phones 435-431

E. S. JACOBS, President

E. JULIAN PEACOCK, Jr., Sec. and Manager

## JACOBS-PEACOCK DRUG COMPANY

Second and Cherry Streets

SUCCESSORS TO

TAYLOR-BAYNE DRUG COMPANY

FIVE STORES IN MACON

CANDIES: Nunnally's, Norris', Huyler's.

Toilet Articles and Stationery.

Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pens

MOTORCYCLE DELIVERY

BRANCH STORES:

Midland Pharmacy  
3rd and Cherry

Central Pharmacy  
Cherry and Broadway

Terminal Pharmacy  
Broadway and Mulberry

Palmetto Pharmacy  
Mulberry and Third

WE APPRECIATE YOUR PATRONAGE

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## J. H. & W. W. WILLIAMS COMPANY, Jewelers

SPECIAL ATTENTION TO REPAIR WORK

451 Cherry St.

Phone 737

Macon, Ga.

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## THE MACON NEWS

DAILY AND SUNDAY

"TO-DAY'S NEWS TO-DAY"

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## Person's

*"The Palace of Sweets"*

We extend to the Wesleyan Girls a most cordial invitation to make our store their meeting place.

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*It is a pleasure to show you our goods.*

*Call and see us.*

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## Person's Drug Store

562-564 Cherry Street

PHONES 3577

- 3578

- 1681



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***HANDLED IN ALL FORMS***

**Willingham Loan  
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Trust Company**

*461 Third St.*

*Macon, Ga.*

If you want first class work at  
reasonable prices, with cour-  
teous and fair treatment

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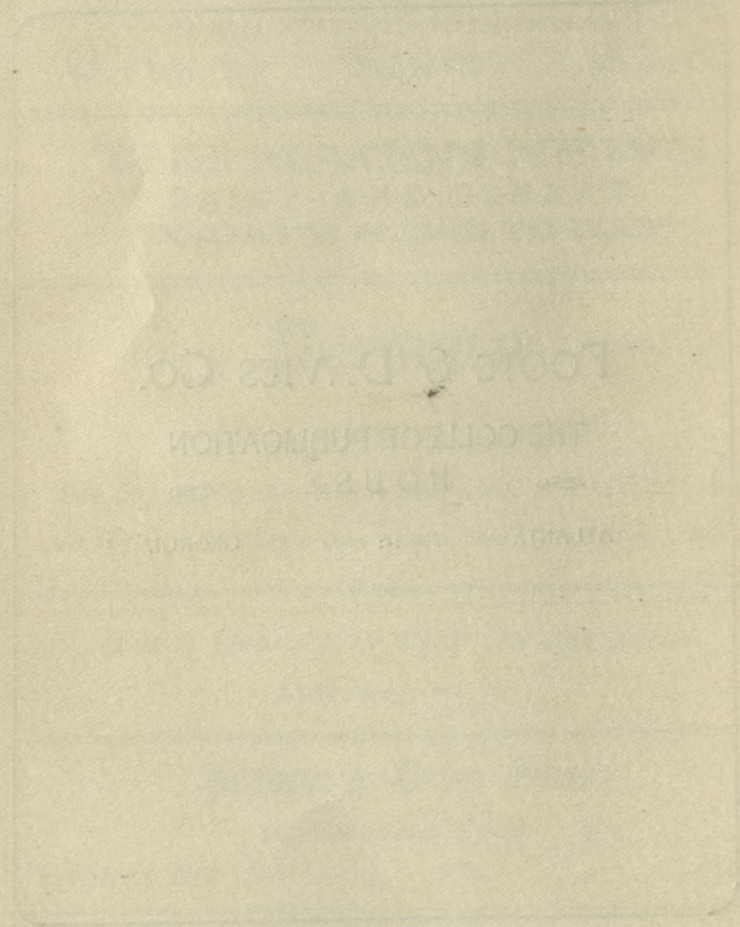
**GA.**

**GEORGIA**

It is the policy of the company to  
maintain a high standard of  
accuracy in all its work.

WILLIAM S. DAVIS  
1911

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